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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT TEDDY.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance.

“What Fools These Mortals Be!”

STILL, Maxim Gorky never claimed to be a copy-book Maxim.

WE PRINT ALL of the news—the good news and the bad news—BECAUSE THAT IS THE DUTY OF A NEWSPAPER.

—*The Journal*.

But is it the DUTY of a newspaper to print the good news in SMALL type and the BAD NEWS in big type? Go to, Brisbane! You give us a SEVERE pain.

SPEAKING of active volcanoes, Mount Teddy is the “Old Faithful” of the political sierra. He is never at rest; eruptions are intermittent, but deep rumblings are heard the year round. Mount Teddy’s latest eruption has created terror in the Republican communities on his strenuous slopes, and the trained elephant is hiking for the tall timber. We say latest eruption; but before this writing cools he may again blow his cone off, and the ashes of his wrath fall upon the just and the unjust.

“TRULY,” observes the *Springfield Republican*, “we know not what a day may bring forth.” Add this to the list of Obvious Remarks, along with “Autumn is such a sad season,” and “How fresh everything looks after the rain.”

WHEN JEFF DAVIS and Vardaman get into the United States Senate, Tillman may come to be looked on as one of the more conservative senators. —*Kansas City Journal*.

Not forgetting Senator-to-be Roosevelt.

ONE MUST admire the nerve of the clergymen who intimated a resemblance between San Francisco and Sodom and Gomorrah. But think of being built that way!

IT WAS a shock to some exemplary conservatives, when the President reached down in “the muck” and extracted that inheritance tax scheme.

A DELAWARE COURT has decided that it is not a crime to steal coal from a railroad company. —*Kansas City Journal*.

While in all states it is regarded as highly commendable to dodge giving up your ticket to the conductor.

Can you take a joke? If so, see Page 12.

MR. TILLMAN sniffs at the man with the muck-rake. Let’s see: a pitchfork is n’t used exclusively for pitching hay, is it?

SIGNOR CARUSO says he lost in San Francisco \$1,000 of effects and eight performances which would have netted him \$16,000. We take pleasure in starting a popular subscription for the unfortunate Italian gentleman, and will start the list with thirty cents.

IN SOME respects Russia is a freer country than the United States. But we are not complaining.

THE HON. CHARLIE TOWNE talks about exposing Roosevelt. Exposure as exposure is played out, Charlie. You are a little late, as usual.

THE NEWSPAPERS married off Mr. Astor and Mrs. Shaw, with affecting particulars, a week or so before the ceremony actually took place. There are few things more enterprising and inaccurate than a newspaper.

THE TRUSTS might help some in ‘Frisco by selling as cheaply there as they do abroad.

WHEN A MAN takes sufficient interest in another woman’s attire to be able to tell his wife about it, then’s the time when he never tells. —*Atchison Globe*.

Certainly not. Such an interest is, to say the least, suspicious.



THE SPIRIT THAT IS REARING THE NEW 'FRISCO.



THE EMERSON OF IT.

"PAPA, what does it mean to 'Hitch your wagon to a star?'"
"Radically and antipodally opposite to tying up with a chorus
girl, my son."



FORM.

SUCH a tumult of bliss was he filled with that he could think of
nothing better to fall into than poetry.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes!" he quoted,
with all the ardor of his great soul.

But as it happened, she knew her limitations.

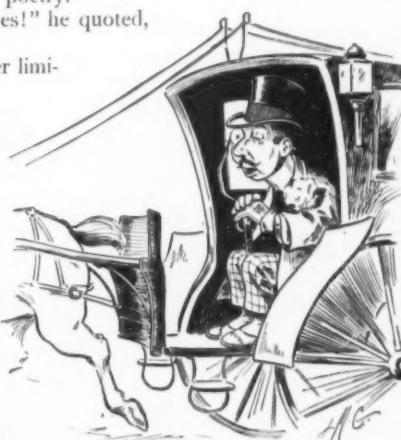
"I'm saucer-eyed," she faltered,
looking shyly down, "and you know
what all the authorities on good form
say about saucers and drinking."

Never had he loved her more
than in that moment.

"Of course I don't mean for
you to drink with 'em be-
fore company!" he cried,
and folded her tenderly
to his breast.

HOW IT WAS.

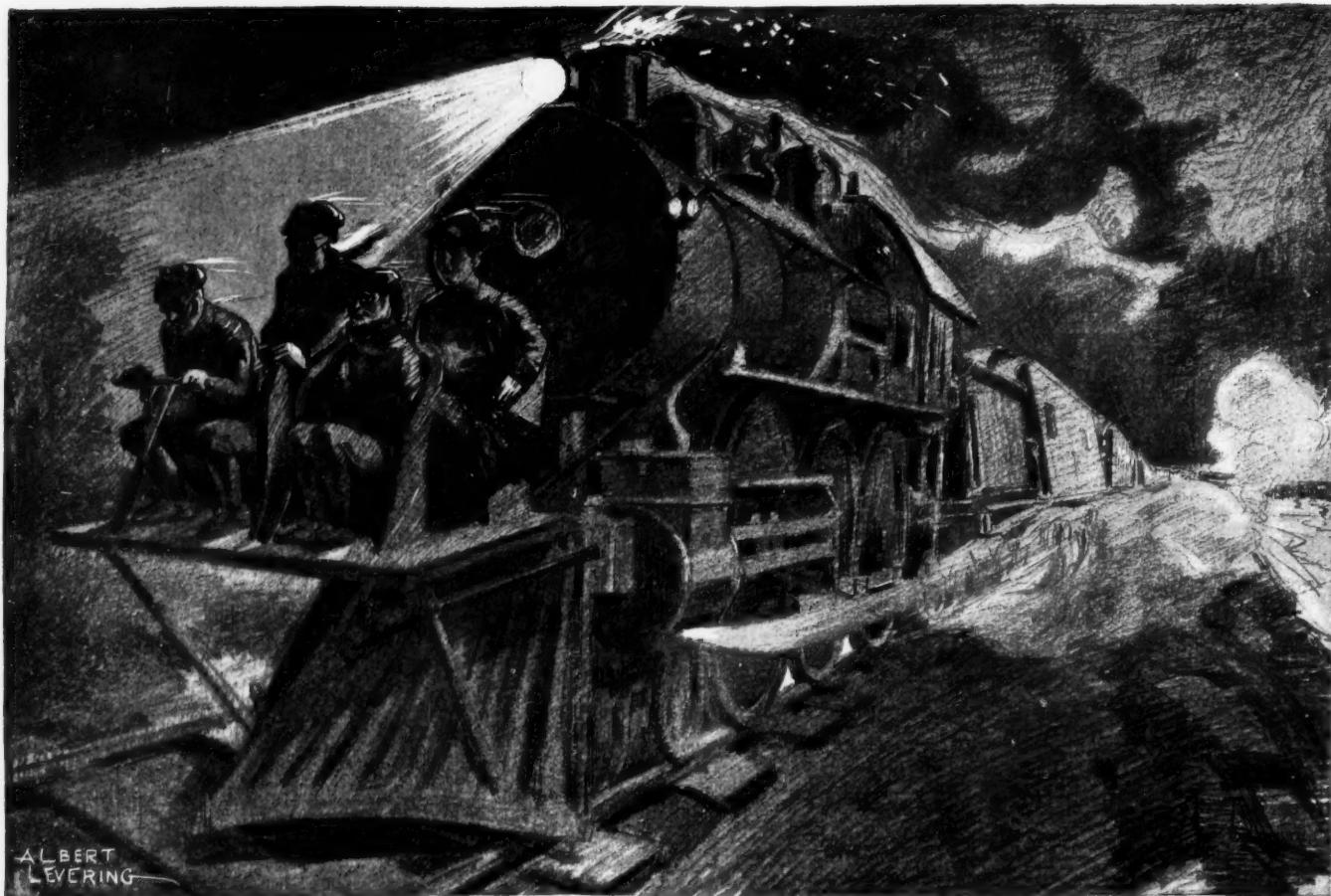
"JUST SO!" answered
the Old Codger, who
generally had the last word
and the heaviest whack.
"And that reminds me: I
once knew a farmer who had a row of corn forty-
seven and two-thirds miles long. He started it in the
middle of a field and then circled round and round
and round till he came out at one side. And he
done it pretty middlin' well, too, all things con-
sidered!"



THE HANSOM THING.

Dignity of style is a device for making thomas-putrefaction out of tommy-
rot.

PUCK



THE NEXT THING IN RAIL ROADING.

MR. SPEEDERLY.—Denced decent of the railroads, building these platforms for us motorists. What fun's a tail-end observation car to a chap who runs his auto sixty miles an hour?

THE REVERSIBLE KNOCK.



ONCE UPON a time two men were walking down the street in quest of a matutinal appetite. They had not gone far when they met a man who, figuratively speaking, was in the gutter. He was picturesque in his raggedness; and the hiatus between his latest shave and the moment at which the two pedestrians met him on the street was so great that his facial bristles were strongly suggestive of the standard scrubbing brush gauge.

"Did you notice that creature through whose sartorial fissures the hyacinthine zephyrs were sounding their blithest note?" asked the first pedestrian, after the unfortunate mortal had passed beyond hearing distance in the crowded thoroughfare.

"I did," replied the second pedestrian, briefly. "Well," replied the other, "I can remember when that man was a millionaire several times over. He owned race horses, a steam yacht, a villa at Newport and was an acknowledged society leader and art patron. Now he is nobody—a human wreck drifting about here and there; sleeping in one place to-night, and in another to-morrow night, and eating wherever fate happens to annex him to a gratuitous crust. It is no wonder he is down and out, and I am not sure but that he deserves it all. He spent his dollars right and left, where now he begs for cents right and left. Why do not the people whom he helped now help him? Why simply because the people who are always ready to take, are never ready to give, and he should have known that, and also that a dollar in the bank is worth two in the hands of a friend. He is now receiving a good substantial lesson, confound him, and I trust that fate may kick



GOOD BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

MARC DOWNSTEIN (*the People's Clothier*).—Save der sign, meester! Vatever you do, save der sign! I vill needt it again, sure, tomorrow!

Lots of people who strain at a gnat never have a chance to swallow a camel.

PUCK



VULGAR DISPLAY.

MOSE JOHNSON.—Doan yo' hate to see a woman's hands covered wif rings?

PETE PERSIMMONS.—Ah suttinly does. Ah'd as soon git hit wif brass knuckles!

it so deep into his hide as to cover him with a set of intaglios that will make him a greater dime museum attraction than was the tatoored man. Yes, I knew him when he was a multi-millionaire, and now he is a multi-nothingaire in whose eyes the ham sandwich of commerce outranks in importance the destiny of an empire."

With a look of despair the unsympathetic critic paused for the reason that he could not find the words to adequately express the disgust he felt. Just then the honking of a skunk wagon worth about twenty thousand dollars throbbed in the air and the skunk wagon came trundling along with all the pristine glory of a Roman chariot.

"Do you see that nabob, sitting up there as if he owned the earth?" asked the first pedestrian.

"I do," replied the second pedestrian, for he could not help seeing him if for no other reason than that he was the biggest thing

on the street, and also the most important, because every one gazed upon him while they paid no attention to the Washington equestrian statue or to anything else in the vicinity for that matter.

"Well," continued the first pedestrian, sourly, "that man is the president of the North American Dog Biscuit Trust, and he is worth fifty millions if he is worth a cent. He owns villas on the Mediterranean, and feudal castles in England, to say nothing of vast estates all over America. He skims in a steam yacht and whirls in a skunk wagon. He is simply rolling in money—has a couple of hundred pairs of trousers and never wears a shirt twice. Won't have his house watched by a dog worth less than a thousand dollars, and yet he will never miss a director's meeting on account of the paltry fee."

"You seem to know him pretty well, to be familiar with all these facts," said the second pedestrian.

"I ought to be," replied the first pedestrian, "for I have known him all his life. Why I knew that unbearable snob, when he did not own two shirts. I have seen him trudging around with white twine blacked in his shoes because he had n't a pair of strings. I have seen him wearing a straw hat in November, and smoking cigarettes made of newspaper margins and chewing tobacco. He does n't remember those days now, the infernal scallywag. I call him a scallywag because he made all his money by crooked methods. If he had worked all these years on his merits he would be washing skunk wagons and not be gliding around in them. He is a mere accident; a creature well supplied with gall and impudence, and about as intelligent as the average motorman. He really ought to be a deckhand or a theatrical manager. He is n't fit to be a multi-millionaire. I can tell you one thing—if you put a beggar in a skunk wagon he will just break all records for any distance." After pausing a moment to catch his breath he continued: "Why I can remember that man when he and his family were living in two rooms, and sleeping on trunks and tables. He was then driving a milk wagon for seven dollars a week up in Syracuse, and now the infernal ape is rolling in wealth. It simply beats all!" he sighed.

The moral of this fable teaches us that no matter whether a man falls from affluence to the gutter, or rises from the gutter to affluence, he is pretty sure to become a target. *R. K. Munkittrick.*



THOSE HELPFUL HINTS TO THRIFTY HOME-BUILDERS.



I.

MRS. AIRCASTLE.—Just think, Henry, we can build that perfectly lovely house for only a thousand dollars. Here are all the plans and estimates and everything complete.



II.

THE BOSS CARPENTER.—Yes'm, materials is high, and labor is high, but it's all done, Mum, and three dollars left over.

PUCK

BALLADE OF MAY.



Y, oft before,
In fierce debate,
We've cried—“No more,
Though desperate,
Will we migrate!”
Yet landlords know,
On what grim date
We come and go!

See, at the door,
In haughty state,
Full half a score
Of draymen wait—
To dislocate
And overthrow
Our fair estate!
We come and go!

The coat I wore—
The bedroom grate—
A bureau drawer—
The back yard gate—
Our silver plate—
Pell-mell they stow.
As—desolate—
We come and go!

ENVOY.
These things be Fate!
Ye share our woe.
Humble—or great—
We come—and go!

Aldis Dunbar.

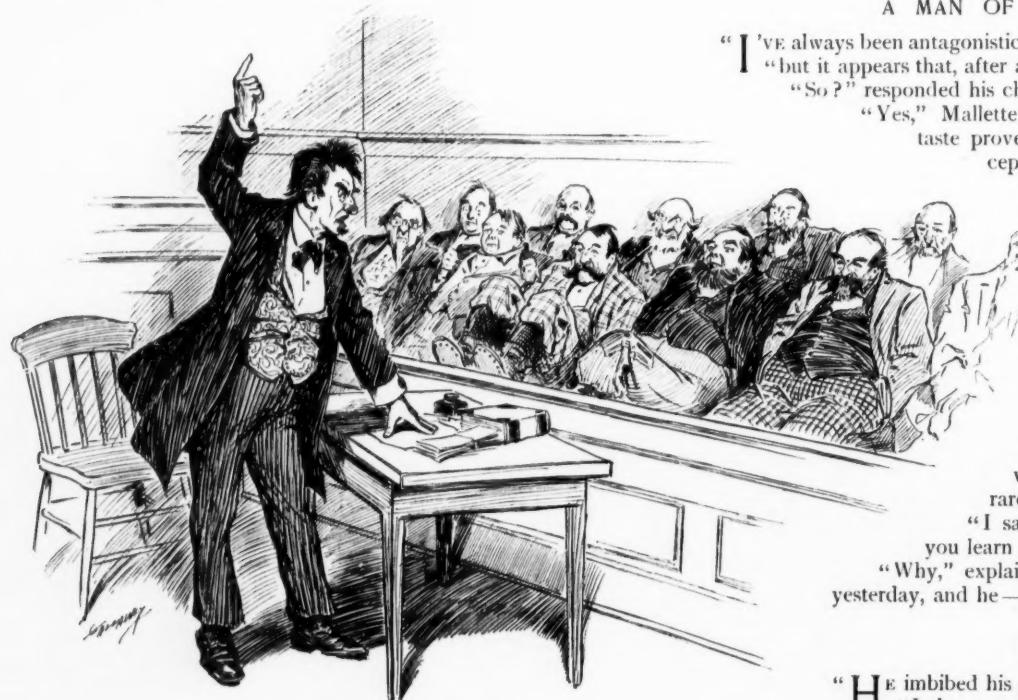
POLITICS is a facile means of making real enemies and false friends.



MOTHER JONES MELODIES.

THERE was a union man
And he went a union mile;
He found a union sixpence
Against a union stile.

He bought a union cat,
Which caught a union mouse;
And they all lived together
In a little union house.



INVOLVED VOCIFEROUSITY.

“Gentlemen of the jury,” erupted the attorney for the plaintiff, addressing the twelve Arkansas peers who were sitting in judgment and on their respective shoulder-blades, in a damage suit against a grasping corporation for killing a cow. “If the train had been running as slow as it should have been ran, if the bell had been rung as it ort to have been rang, or the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, none of which was did, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed!”

A MAN OF DISCERNMENT.

“I've always been antagonistic towards Nurich,” observed Mallette, “but it appears that, after all, he's a decent sort of chap.”

“So?” responded his chum, D'Auber.

“Yes,” Mallette continued; “and furthermore, his taste proves to be exquisite. His artistic perceptions are of the keenest. He has a delicate appreciation of subtly beautiful things which is extraordinary. To the larger, broader forms of art his soul rises—”

“You don't say so,” yawned D'Auber.

“—more about sculpture than any amateur I have met. He seems to possess an instinctive love for fine marbles which unerringly guides him to select that which is noble and reject the unworthy. Such discrimination as his is rare, and—”

“I say,” interrupted D'Auber, “how did you learn all this?”

“Why,” explained Mallette, “he was in my studio yesterday, and he—er—purchased my latest effort.”

REMARKABLE.

“HE imbibed his patriotism with his mother's milk.”

“Is he so remarkable for that?”

“Is he? Well, I should say he is. Most men of his age imbibed their patriotism with some modified cow's milk.”

SUPERLATIVE fame is where a man has not only forced his name into everybody's mouth, but has kept it there until the first-class newspapers are spelling it the same way every time they mention it.

Likewise it has been noticed that the ought-to-be most frequently is the is n't.

PUCK



"DETAINED AT THE OFFICE."

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.

(Extracts from the *Woodville Daily Bugle*.)



MONDAY.—A very stylish looking lady got off the noon train to-day. She is a stranger to Woodville. Elizar Boggs, the genial station-master, says that he never saw her before.

TUESDAY.—Mrs. Lavina Jones is the name of the stranger who came to town yesterday. She is stopping at the Hayes House and since her arrival Mine Host Umbstrutter has had his office filled with the younger set of men-about-town.

WEDNESDAY.—Mrs. Lavina Jones when questioned to-day as to her reasons for visiting Woodville stated that she did not feel free to make mention of them. It is rumored that she is here in connection with a certain estate that has been in litigation for some years.

THURSDAY.—

FRIDAY.—

SATURDAY.—Make Sunday happy by taking home, from the Roger Emporium, one of those packages of Chee-Rup Breakfast Food, whose virtues were recently demonstrated at our store by Mrs. Lavina Jones.—*Adv.*

HIS YEARN.

PARSON BAGSTER (*solemnly*).—Does yo', Claud Kins Abby, take dis yuh lady, Miss Gladys Poots, to be yo' lawful wedded wife, for bettah and for wuss—

THE GROOM (*uneasily and hazily*).—Uh-cou'se, I does, if I has to, sah; but an't dar some way of takin' her kindah on an ave'age?

WE ALL agree that a painting may be guilty of so many crimes against good taste that hanging is too good for it.



CONSOLATION.

HIGHWAY FINANCIER.—Now do be quiet, Mister! We ain't going ter take all yer got! We're going ter leave yer dat "lucky penny" an' yer "rabbit's foot."



Training for the tin wash-basin.



Training for the "excellent fishing."



Getting used to the birds at 4 A. M.



In stern anticipation of the

IN TIME OF PEACE, PREP-

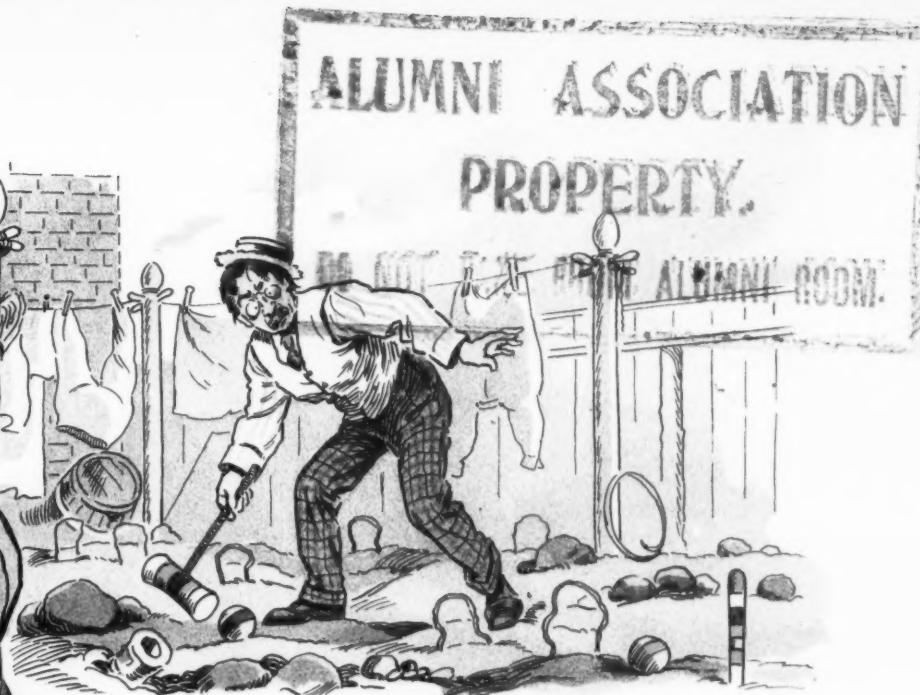
THE WISE YOUNG MAN GOES



anticipation of the rainy Sundays.

CE, PREPARE FOR VACATION.

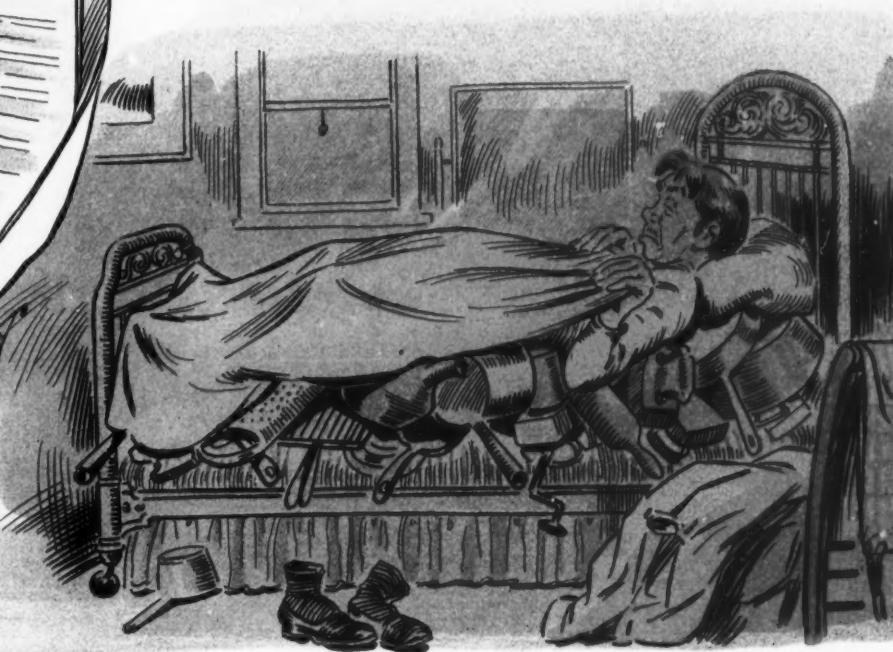
NG MAN GOES IN TRAINING NOW.



The Advance Course in Croquet.

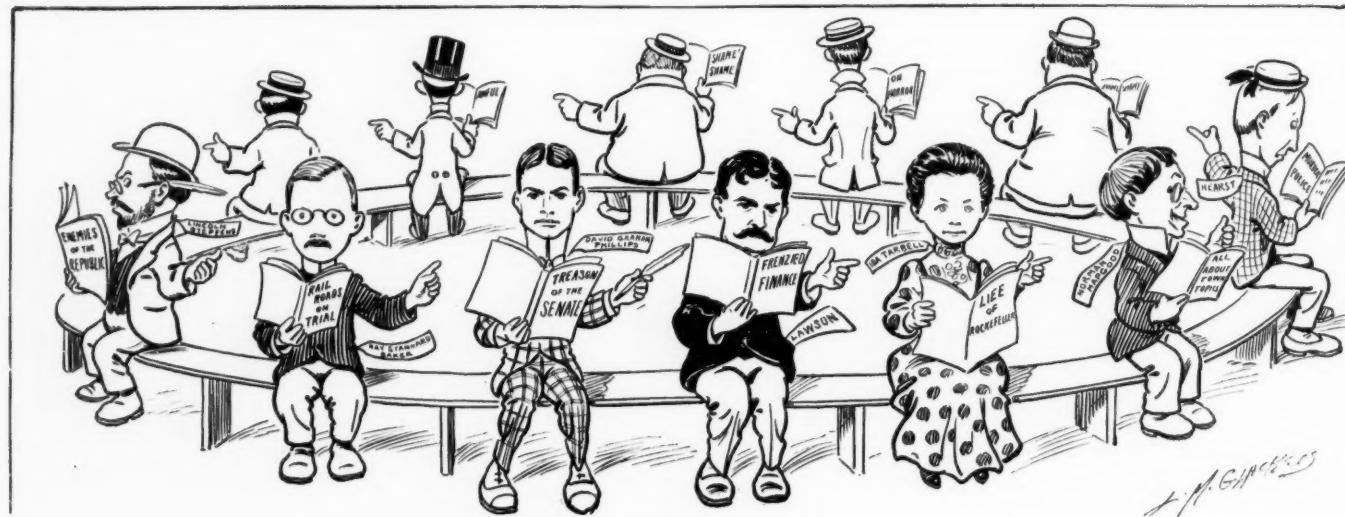


Perfecting himself in table tactics.



Training for the good old feather bed.

J. OTTMANN LITH CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



"THE MUCK RAKERS."
TO WHOM DID ROOSEVELT REFER?

The Way of the World.

A GLANCE AHEAD.

[What Mr. Denison of *Everybody's* found at Panama should make every patriotic American's cheek glow with pride: — *Everybody's* for May.]



HOW CHEERFUL is the magazine!
How freshly sweet and sweetly clean!
The picture and the printed page
Our pleasured fancy now engage.
Where once dark Treason stalked in gloom
The flow'r's of In corruption bloom;
And scarlet Shame, in every haunt,
Has heard the ringing cry, Avant!

*Hang up the muck-rake and the hoe;
Take down the fiddle and the bow.
There is no more work for the muck-rake man—
He's gone where the muck-rakers go.*

How blithesome is the magazine!
How amiable, how free of spleen!
There's something now on every side
To set our cheeks aglow with pride.
No longer noisome odors rise,
Nor heaps of foulness hurt our eyes.
The muck-rake man has had his day—
Maud Muller now is raking hay.

*Hang up the muck-rake and the hoe;
Take down the fiddle and the bow.
There is no more work for the muck-rake man—
He's gone where the muck-rakers go.*

Most of Maxim Gorky's troubles might have been avoided if he had taken the precaution of learning English before sailing for this country. A working knowledge of English would have enabled him to steer clear of Editor Wilshire and the rest of the self-boosting crowd that got their hooks on him as soon as he left the steamer. Never was man more quickly done for, nor reputation more swiftly discredited. And all because Gorky could not understand English! Poor Gorky! He did not even draw a White House dinner.

Man is an inventive animal; but what has he done since Carthage was laid in ashes to prevent the destruction of his cities by fire? Annually the demon of fire exacts a fearful toll in lives and treasure, and man still puts his trust in a thin stream of water, useless if conditions depart from the normal.

We violate no confidence when we say that "the man with the muck-rake" that Mr. Roosevelt had in mind was Poultny Bigelow. But why make such a fuss about one man? It has n't put a perceptible crimp in Poultny. He is raking away as merrily as ever.

He [Hyde] is immensely liked in Paris, and is much sympathized with over his recent business troubles. — *Town Topics*.

You see, it was not *their* money.

If Congress has not the power to save Niagara, we might as well start in on the experiment of Socialism to-morrow. No sense in postponing it.

B. L. T.



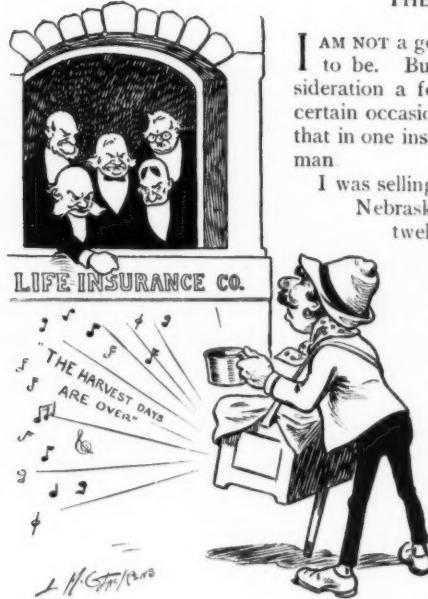
TRUE PIETY.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.—The new cook left this morning, the one you said the Lord must have sent.

THE MINISTER.—Well, my dear, the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

PUCK

THE EXCEPTION.



"STOP THAT TUNE!"

black shirt, corduroy trousers and cowhide boots—brought me nearer to feeling like a millionaire than anything has since my uncle died and did n't leave me a cent.

I looked him over carefully when he came to the door in answer to my knock, and he certainly looked green to me. "My dear friend," I said in my I-think-more-of-you-than-anybody-else-in-the-world tone of voice, "will you allow me to show you an unusually excellent line of silverware?"

He took a hitch in his suspenders. "Guess I will, all right," he replied; "but you might as well know beforehand that we buy all ours at Tiffany's."

That remark rather took my breath away for a minute, especially when I noticed a diamond as big as your knuckle in the middle of his shirt.

"If that is the case," I said, impressively, "it would certainly be a great pleasure to show my goods to you."

"The pleasure is all mine," he replied in regular ball-room style, ushering me into the library. "Have a cigar?" he said, handing me a three-for-a-dollar cigar I had seen advertised. Then he showed me a telephone connecting with ten stations on his farm; showed me his vertical filing system for keeping books; showed me his typewriter; and, to cap the climax, introduced me to the pretty

I AM NOT a gentleman and never claimed to be. But if you remove from consideration a few harmless lies told on a certain occasion, I believe you will admit that in one instance I acted like a gentleman.

I was selling jewelry and silverware in Nebraska. The goods brought twelve hundred per cent. profit; nevertheless I was suffering from actual want, for there were n't enough sales made to pay expenses. It was terrible territory to work; the farmers were so ignorant they had n't even heard of Tom Lawson! And the demand for table silver was somewhat limited by the fact that everybody ate with their fingers. Perhaps I had better make an exception to that statement.

In doing so I will relate how this exception—a farmer in the regulation uniform of

stenographer who operated it. I began to perspire freely.

"Perhaps you would like to take a look at the farm." And with that he escorted me to the barn, turned on half a hundred electric lights and brought out his forty-horsepower French automobile! We traveled sixty miles around the place in an hour and a half. When we neared the house again I began to squirm to get away.

"I'd better be going," I intimated as we descended from the machine.

"Not until you have shown me your silverware," he answered, smiling. "I have thoroughly enjoyed your stay with me and I won't let you go without exhibiting your samples."

I knew he would need only a glance at my goods to see the tin sticking out of them, and besides, I would n't have sold him if I could. So I shook my head.

"But you must," he said insistently as we entered the house. "My wife said just yesterday she needed spoons."

Twelve hundred per cent! "No," I said, "I won't. The fact is, I lied to you,—I have n't any silverware!"

"What?"

"The silverware was merely a ruse to get to see you. I'm a newspaper man. *I came to write you up!*"

"For what paper?"

"The *Chicago Buzz*."

"That so?" he said, with a peculiar smile, "I own it!"

I grabbed my satchel and started for the door. "Fine paper," I managed to say, over my shoulder.

"You bet it is!" he called after me as I tumbled down the porch steps. "And you tell Edwards with my compliments when you get back that if he prints anything about me I'll have him fired!"

Dwight S. Anderson.

REFORM.

THE bill was in danger, and the general counsel of the corporation which it was designed to enrich hastily called in his legislative agent.

"All the reform elements are against us," he said, anxiously.

"How are we going to beat down such a formidable opposition?"

"Don't try to beat 'em down. Pay 'em what they ask," said the legislative agent, who in his day had seen a number of quickenings of the public conscience.



JUSTIFIABLE FLIGHT.

OFFICER KELLY.—Phwah th' devil do yez mane, tearin' through th' shritates av a civilized city, lookin' like a chorus gurl? Are yer felly-maniacs initiatin' yez into some fool sassiet?

THE ROMAN.—You're in wrong! I was suping for Mansfield at that theatre up the street, and in the mob scene I began to cheer before he gave the cue!



A GERMAN VILLAGE CUT-UP.

The man who is as wise as he thinks his wife thinks he is, is wise indeed.

The Reliable Rambler

The Right Car at the Right Price

There is a system of rigid tests and thorough inspection of each part and feature of the Rambler cars, whereby every possible weak spot is found in the factory, not on the road.

This system covers every step from the design and selection of the raw material to the finished product and begets a car that is *right* and *stays right* without tinkering and adjustment.

If this, in connection with abundant power, elegant appearance and simplicity of control, appeals to your judgment we invite your most critical examination of our Model 14.

In it is embodied every modern feature that has proven worthy of adoption and the facilities of the largest automobile plant in the world enable us to present it at a price far below anything approaching it in quality and equipment.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

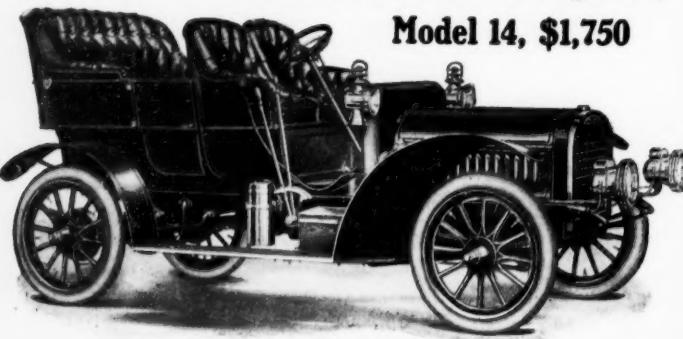
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Model 14, \$1,750



PUCK'S NOVEL AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

Can You Take a Joke?

And Illustrate It Humorously in a Photograph?

If you can, the first of PUCK'S Competitions, that for AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, will give you a practical opportunity. :: :

PUCK OFFERS THE FOLLOWING PRIZES
for the most effective photographic illustrations to the
joke accompanying this announcement. :: :: ::

First Prize, - \$25.00
Second Prize, \$15.00

Third Prize: A Set of H. C. Bunner's Short Stories, Cloth (5 Volumes)
Fourth Prize: A Year's Subscription to PUCK.

THIS is a contest wholly different from the average photographic competition. We supply the subject—in this case, a dialogue—and you, with your camera, illustrate it. On the dress and make-up of the characters, on your posing of them, on their facial expression, and on the appropriateness of the background and accessories to the picture, which may be either indoor or outdoor, and in which as many figures may be introduced as is desired, your success as a competitor will depend.

The contest is now open. It will close September 1, 1906, as soon as possible after which date a decision will be rendered and the successful photographs reproduced in PUCK.

There are no burdensome conditions. It is not necessary to be a subscriber in order to be eligible. In competing, you are not limited to one photograph. Should you feel that a second attempt is better than a first, send the second along and it will be duly considered.

Photographs may be any size. This is strictly a contest for amateurs and by amateur we mean one who does not depend on photography for a livelihood.

PUCK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST No. 1

Subject for Competition:

A DIRECT SLAP AT PROVIDENCE.

FARMER BARNES.—Hannah, I jest bought one o' them barometers that tell ye when it's goin' to rain.

His WIFE (astounded).—That tell ye when it's goin' to rain! Why, I never heard of such extravagance! What'd you suppose the good Lord sent ye the rheumatiz for?

If mailed unmounted, do not fold or roll your photograph—send it flat.
Address it to

THE ART EDITOR OF PUCK,
Puck Building, New York.

Wilson-

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—
See back label!

That's All!

ALL HE GETS.

"There now," said Mrs. Henpeck, concluding her curtain lecture, "a word to the wise is sufficient."

"Yes," replied her husband, "a word in edgewise is sufficient."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

SITTING SENTRIES.

BILL.—I see in the army of the Haytian Republic chairs are provided for the use of sentries when on duty.

JILL.—And yet the sentries have the reputation of belonging to the standing army, I suppose?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MANY a man who gets in on the ground floor of a new business scheme finds in the course of a few months that he has been dropped with a dull thud into the sub-basement.—*Somerville Journal*.

COUNT BONI may have been in earnest about going to work. Having never tried it before, he did not allow for the discouragements that come to a man who is hunting a job.—*Washington Star*.

ACCORDING to Major General Corbin the recent affair with the Moros of Jolo has no real significance. It would be interesting to know just how long a death list is required to give an outbreak significance.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



EXERCISE.

MISS DEBUTTE.—Now that you're graduated from college, don't you miss the outdoor exercise?

MR. GREENWUN.—Not especially. You see, I'm serving subpoenas for a law firm now.

With men of affairs, Abbott's Angostura Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. They are recommended by leading physicians. All druggists.

PARTY LINES in Congress all gone, eh? But some of the strings are still working fairly well, aren't they?—*Indianapolis News*.



POKING.

NELL.—Of course, Miss Prim is awfully slow—

BELLE.—Oh! awfully. Why, for the past forty years or more—

NELL.—What? She told me she was only 25.

BELLE.—That's just it. It's taken her all this time to get to be 25.—

Catholic Standard and Times.

NOTHING SURPRISING.

MR. NERVEY.—I suppose you know the object of my call, sir. To be brief, I want to marry your daughter—

MR. ROXLEY.—Eh? What? I'm surprised that you should think of such a thing. The idea!

MR. NERVEY.—Nonsense! You're prejudiced against the girl. She's all right.—*Public Ledger.*

THE HORN DID IT.

REDD.—I ran over a cat with my automobile, to-day.

GREENE.—Did n't kill it, of course?

"No; I thought it was dead. It was very still after the wheels had passed over it, but as soon as I blew my horn it got frightened and got up and ran away."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and damp, and get tired easily. If you have aching feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Cures aching, swollen, sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves Chilblains, corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A STRAIGHT DIAGNOSIS.

DR. KANDOR.—Your complaint is quite serious; it's chronic, in fact.

MRS. AYLING.—There, now! I knew—

DR. KANDOR.—Yes, madam, you are just a chronic complainer, and there's nothing else the matter with you.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

VALID OBJECTION.

"I see they have elected a dog to the Russian Parliament."

"Sorry to hear it."

"Why, what is the difference to you?"

"Difference! Think of the fellows who will write about that Government going to the bowwows."—*Public Ledger.*

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.

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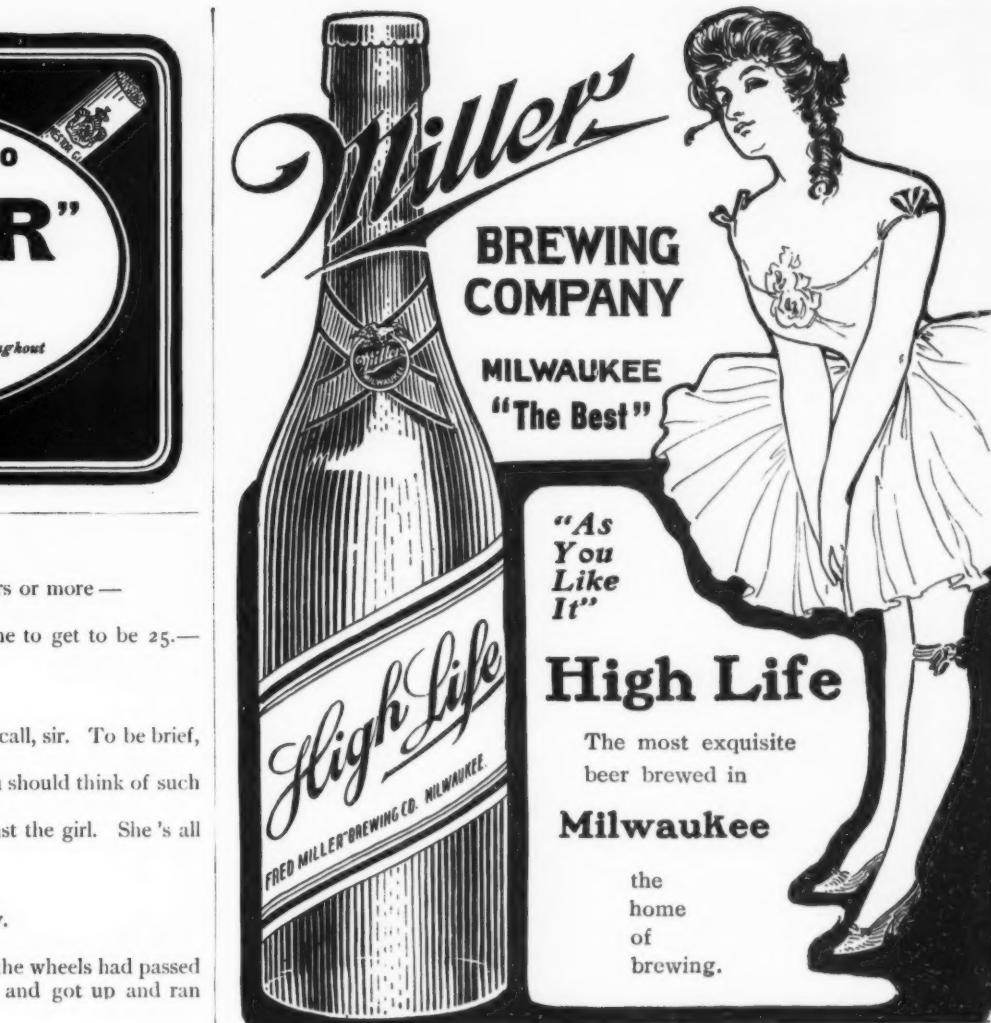
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THE EXPERT.—You don't play very often, do you?

THE INEXPERT.—Not very. Only when my friends need money.

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OUT TO-DAY!

A GENTLE HINT.
"Ethel," the sweet girl's father called gently from above stairs.
"Yes, father. What is it?" she answered through the midnight stillness.
"Just tell your young man to be careful and not trip over the morning's milk when he goes out." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*



A HARD CASE.

HICKS. — See that man two seats in front of us?

WICKS. — Yes. What about him?

HICKS. — If the conductor knew what poor pay he is, he would collect his fare in advance. — *Somerville Journal.*

SOUNDS SLANGY.

BACON. — We're forming a Vegetarian Club, and we want an appropriate motto; can you suggest one?

EGBERT. — Why, certainly; how would 'Beet It' do? — *Yonkers Statesman.*

SOME of the men who think that whisky is good to cure a cold don't mind a bit, apparently, if they find it necessary to repeat the dose. — *Somerville Journal.*



A SOUND STOMACH.

"Ever troubled by indigestion?"

"I should say not. Why, I believe I could eat those health foods and suffer nothing worse than hunger." — *Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAWS.

MRS. A. — The Medleys never use any but condensed milk.

MR. A. — Well, their flat is even smaller than ours. — *Am. Spectator.*

RELATIVE SPEED.

"I see the auto bill has passed the New Jersey House."

"Has, eh? I'll bet it did n't pass as fast as the auto itself went by mine this morning." — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

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LIQUEUR EAGLETTE
An especially fine American product, acknowledged by connoisseurs to be unequalled here or abroad. As a delicious aid to digestion, and a cordial of delightful flavor, it is without a rival. A fitting finale to any feast.

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lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



MISSIONARY. — What! You've actually advanced so far as to hold church fairs here!

CHIEF HIKIK. — Yep; me win three wives in big raffle.

The first thing in the morning, if you need a brace should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

FAIR WARNING.

Beega fresha 'Merican,
Dat'sa you.
Mebbe so a fightin' man
You, too.
Mebbe so da boss for "mash,"
Weeth da fina beeg mustache,
Theenkin' all da girls he know
Wanta kees heem. Mebbe so
Dat'sa you.

You know leetla Dago man?
Dat'sa me.
Boss for dees peanutta stan',
Dat'sa me.
Mebbe so I w'at you call
Notta moocha good at all,
Justa leetla mouse dat no
Lika fightin'. Mebbe so
Dat'sa me.

Gooda-lookin', fatta cheek,
Dat'sa yours.
Leetla feest, so small an' weak,
Dat'sa mine.
Leetla girl, so good, so sweet,
She ees nice enough for eat —
You weel know. She's call "Carlot" —
Don'ta touch her! Better not.
Dat'sa mine!

— *Catholic Standard and Times.*

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THIS is a good time of year to remember that Solomon has maintained to date the reputation of being the wisest man, and that there is nothing at all in the Bible to show that Solomon ever tried to run a private vegetable garden. — *Somerville Journal.*

"When you do drink, drink Trimble."

"To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure.
Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care and a fig for woe."

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Whiskey
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KNOCKERS.

By an evil trick of fortune a lone man had become entangled in an afternoon gathering of women. For some time he listened with edification to the comments upon absent friends, until finally the name of a rather special friend of his own was introduced.

"I think her conduct at that dinner was scandalous. She is simply brazen!" was the kindly cut.

"Hammered brass," one might say?" he suggested, meekly. — *American Spectator.*

SEEING THINGS.

"I don't see the sense of speaking of a man as 'blind drunk.'"

"Why not? It simply means he's so very drunk that he can't see."

"But no man is ever so drunk that he can't see. If he's very, very drunk he can see snakes." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

"De man dat thinks he can't never be fooled," said Uncle Eben, "gits off right at de start by bein' de victim of a deception." — *Washington Star.*

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We all desire "the greatest good
To the greatest number" done,
But the greatest number is understood
To be always "Number One."
— *Catholic Standard and Times.*

WHEN not so busy dodging creditors, Count Boni and Princess Louise of Belgium might arrange a meeting for the purpose of comparing notes — protested ones, of course. — *Washington Post.*

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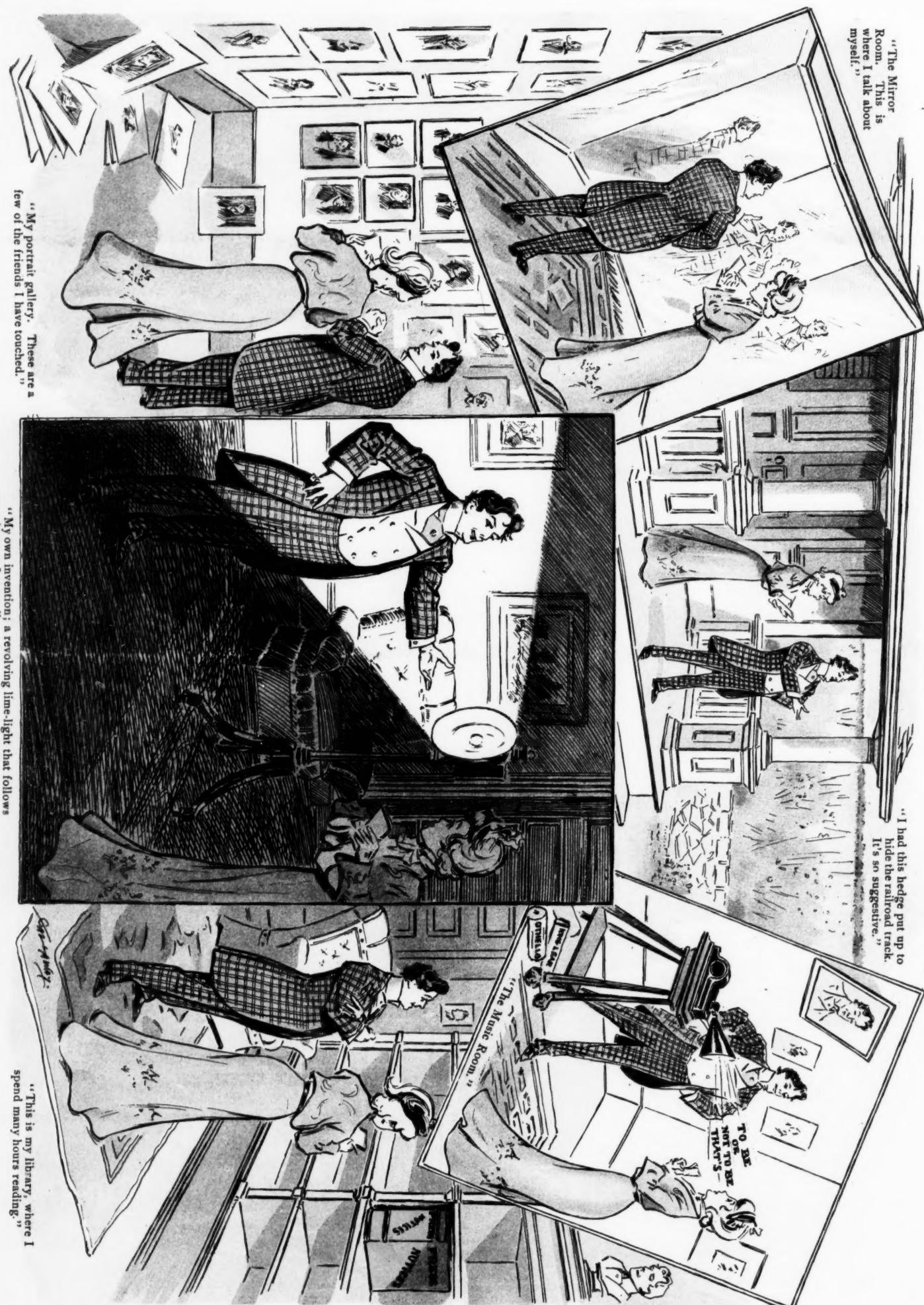
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"Yes. He'd have been great on a muddy track."

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